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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Easter Week in Florence.

BY JESSE HENKINSON CARTER.

The arrival of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in Florence about ten days ago has been the exciting event of the past week. The donkey and the bath chair with the Indian servants got here first and her Majesty followed two or three days later. She is living in the Villa Fabbriotti just a little outside the town toward Fiesole. I can just see the tower roof from the window.

She drives out every day. On the box of her coach is seated a gigantic Highlander in costume and sitting beside her Majesty is usually to be found the Princess Beatrice. Far more imposing than the Queen herself is the chief of her Indian retinue, a gorgeous looking individual who always drives in an open carriage.

One afternoon I went to the Casino or Park in the south-eastern part of the city where I strolled along and watched the whirling stream of fashionable carriages and pedestrians. The Italians dress much more like the Americans than the Germans do, and altogether it was an elegant looking crowd.

Florence is like a big railway centre just now. It is overflowing with strangers of all nationalities. There is the usual crowd of English and Americans who are dressed in proper tourist trim and who stroll about with that air of possessing a first mortgage on the universe which is so characteristic of the Saxon race. Then there is a big medical Congress at present in Rome and that has drawn to Italy several hundreds of German physicians with their wives. The German on his travels in foreign countries is such a curious creature, just like a child strayed out of the nursery. He strolls the streets arm in arm with his wife and tries to look unconcerned but it is all a failure. He is a fish out of water and every Italian realizes it.

It is fun to go down to the piazza della Signoria and stand in front of the porch of the Palazzo Vecchio and watch the groups, drawing inspiration from Baudelaire surrounded by the pedlars of articles ranging all the way from matches through newspapers and flowers to guide books and lottery tickets. They look so travel worn (the travelers I mean, but the pedlars do too for that matter). The piazza is full of doves and it is a pretty sight to see the little English children feeding them with the corn which the boot-blacks sell for the purpose.

Facing on this piazza is the Palazzo Vecchio and the gallery of the Uffizi. This gallery is connected by a covered archway with the Pitti Palace so that the two form one vast picture gallery. There is always the type of the "money rich" and the "culture poor" American who hires guides on all provocation and whose attention is divided between trying to appreciate the crumb which his guide is throwing out for his meretricious and in making his own practical comments on art, which, if they are "shocking," at times have at least the virtue of ingenuousness. Brides and grooms though not so plentiful as at Venice are thick enough to prove that marriage is not popularly considered a "joke."

Week, the day before "Good Friday" it is the custom of every good Catholic to visit seven sepulchres (as the imitation of Christ's sepulchre in the various churches is called). Though far from being a "good Catholic" or a "bad one" either for that matter I determined to follow the custom and see the people and was well repaid. It was a series of pictures which have photographed themselves deep in my mind. Every church had something distinct and characteristic about it. I went to Santa Croce, where Michael Angelo lies buried, then to the Annunziata, where the altar was ablaze with candles, and so on till I came finally into the Cathedral (Duomo) at six o'clock. I shall never forget the impression that seized me as I walked in out of the hot sun, out of all the hubbub of the Piazza where fruit sellers were shouting and omnibuses were thundering by, and out of the world into the cool darkness of the cathedral. The light effect was most wonderful. All the place where I stood was in deep shadow but down through the stained glass windows of the dome came the golden beams of the setting sun. The light played above the altar and gilded the top of

the hanging crucifix and then below came the darkness till it was relieved again by the candles on the high altar. The great organ ceased its sound and the plaintive chant of the Priests arose—the effect of their harsh voices echoing between the lofty pillars was like a wail of despair. I stood transfixed and drank it all in while my soul went out in a prayer above the incense and the candles, above the sound of the voices beyond the rays of the sun to that God who loves to be called our Father.

I had a most interesting drive with friends on the evening of Good Friday. We started from the "Piazza della Signoria" under the shadow of the "Palazzo Vecchio," and drove out through the quiet little streets with their shops all brilliantly lighted, across the "Arno" through the "Porta Romana," and so slowly on, winding up to the top of the hill of "Michael Angelo," where his bronze statue of "David" stands overlooking the city.

It was a calm, still, almost summer evening. The stars were all sparkling as they can only in the clear blue of the Italian sky. Below us in silence lay Florence. Between us and the city flowed the Arno, lined on both sides by long rows of gas lamps. In the distance the great dome of the Cathedral and Grotto tower rose up against the deep blue of the starry sky. Behind us in the gloom we could just trace the outline of the colossal figure of the "David," and still further back clear out against the horizon stood the church of San Miniato. As we stood there the eastern sky began to brighten and soon the great full moon arose and bathed all the scene with its silvery light. The whole drive was full of beauty.

On the Saturday before Easter there is an ancient ceremony in Florence performed every year since the crusades called "Lo Scoppio Del Carro." It is regarded by the peasants as a religious rite, and by the success of the whole thing they judge of the prospects of the coming crops.

It was a bright sunny morning and at 11.30 I found myself in the midst of a vast crowd standing in the Piazza before the cathedral. Around me were hundreds of peasants in the variegated colors which an Italian loves so dearly. Fatigued blue eyed "Contadina" mothers with their little blue eyed daughters in their arms, excited black eyed fathers wearing the long fur trimmed coats of the peasant, holding by the hand their little boys with their long curling hair and queer old dirty skin caps, the colors of which would have made artists green with jealousy.

In the centre of the square stood a tall pyramid of wood painted black, scarred with fire and scratched and broken with age. This was the holy car around whose sides were strung long rows of fire crackers and pin wheels. From the top of the car a wire ran into the church, through the centre door, up the long aisle and three times around the high altar. At last the chant of the priests was heard and the column moved slowly out of the baptistery across the street and into the cathedral. The effect of color was wonderful. The white and scarlet and black glistened for a moment in the sunlight, and then disappeared through the marble doorway into the black cavernous depths of the church.

A few moments of breathless expectation followed, and then the dove from the high altar came flying along the wire with the fire in its beak, touched and lighted the fuse and disappeared back into the church again. Then the tumult began. The church bells which had been muffled since Thursday began their pealing, the pin wheels commenced their gyrations and the fire crackers seized this opportune moment to rend the air with their explosion. When this was all over four huge white Bullocks with gilded horns and great bunches of flowers on their yokes were led in to draw the car away, and "Lo Scoppio Del Carro" was finished for 1894.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Cleveland is not a beauty in the sense of society's beauties. She is rather of the Madonna style, which one swain would see and apostrophize in her simple elegance, and at the turn of her rustic head toward him would run away, as if from virtue's wonder. It is possible that with time these northern, uncoquettish charms might grow a little hard. In a superior country church, at a Sunday school picnic, at the seaside harvest home when Neptune throws his long arms along the beach and seeks to crawl ashore, this pleasant, proper wife would be a charming setting to the shadows, zephyrs or sun.—Cincinnati

FIN DE SIECLE.

Oh, this is an end of the century tale. Of the calm, analytical passion; Of a man and a maiden who walked into love In the end of the century fashion. Now, perhaps you suppose that he read in her eyes The sweet message that made him grow bold— Not a fall! 'Twas expressed in the bend of her back And disclosed in the set of her shoulder. They talked about art and religion and culture In a way condescending and airy. They gave Mr. Kipling their qualified praise And expressed their approval of Barrie. And when, on occasion, they talked of their love They analyzed all their sensations, Dissecting poor love very nicely, because They wanted to make observations. But the end! Were they wed in the usual way? Did fate their lives cruelly sever? Oh, this is an end of the century tale And has no sort of ending whatever! —Hilda Johnson in Vogue.

Saved by a Pony.

Elephants are extremely afraid of horses, writes Major John Butler in "Travels in Assam." To that fact he owed the deliverance of his wife and child from a terrible death. With them he was traversing the jungle over an exceedingly rough road through forest and grass jungle alternately. The way had to be cut as they advanced. I was in the lead on a large elephant in my howdah, with a good battery of guns, when about midday I heard behind me a general cry of alarm and hastily rode to the scene of danger. It seems that just after I had passed, with the coolies who cut down the jungle, a huge Mukna elephant rushed from the jungle in a terrible rage and pursued the little baggage elephant, which was just behind my wife and child. The little elephant screamed and fled for its life, straight ahead. Fortunately a pony was led beside the palkee, which contained my wife and child. The wild elephant was close upon them, and they closed their eyes in horror, expecting to be dragged from their places and trampled to death. At that moment the great beast caught sight of the pony. It stopped short, turned aside and fled back to the jungle as if pursued by an evil spirit. The men were filled with astonishment. Most of them had fled to the protection of shelter trees, leaving my wife and child alone.—Youth's Companion.

Extract from a Chicago Novel.

Spring had come, and as Gladys went to the door a gust of summer breeze, laden with sweet and snowflakes, blew in. She shuddered a little as she saw the November rain pouring on the heaped up snowbanks, above which June roses were blooming. When evening had come and the moon poured a blinding flood of mellow light over the scene, she set out on a walk in the warm garden, her bare shoulders gleaming through a thin wrap of Spanish lace. Yes, Reginald de Mont-Courcy was there. But as she saw him she gave a shriek of horror, and with a convulsive gesture that threw her mantle to the ground murmured: "Ah, Reginald, Reginald, why are you so rash, wearing that heavy seal-skin cap on a night so hot as this and having nothing but thin slippers to protect your feet from the snow and ice of the sidewalks?"—Chicago Record.

An Obliging Young Man.

The young man's father had decided that he had led a life of idleness long enough, so he had him put to work in his store. Shortly afterward he asked of the manager of the business: "How is Charley doing?" "First rate." "Is he industrious? Does he keep busy?" "Well, you see, he's right considerable about that. Some young men in his position would jump in and try to do things. But he seems just as anxious as can be to keep out of the way."—Washington Star.

The Mourner.

"I never realized until today," said a young woman to me, "how true is that quotation, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'"

"What's the matter now?" I asked rather unsympathetically.

"Oh, nothing more than usual, but papa won't let Harry come to see me any more, and all the girls' fathers are the same." Then she sighed deeply and added dolefully, "We girls are the thousands who mourn."—Washington Post.

Following Directions.

Mr. Grogan—Oh tuk the powder, doctor, but it is sicker Ol am than Ol was before Ol began you follow the directions—as much as could be heaped on a 10 cent piece every three hours?

Mr. Grogan—Oh followed him, as dear as Ol tuk, doctor. Ol had no tin cut place in the house, so Ol tuk as much as Ol tuk heap on a nickel every hour and a half.—Indianapolis Journal.

Innocent mirth of every description inspires a sympathetic pleasure and works a good that is contagious. Wit and humor are among the great refreshments of life and are gifts in trust to those who possess them for the cheer and exhilaration of mankind.

Love is a bird of passage that women await with curiosity in youth, retain with pleasure in maturer years and allow to escape with regret when old age creeps upon them.

When you are on the street and wish to carry an umbrella under your arm, carry it with the handle behind you so that the lance end will point downward in front of you.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro is one of the finest on the globe. It has 50 miles of anchorage, sufficient to float the navies of the world.

The casting of hollow ware was for a number of years a secret and was kept in one family for more than 50 years.

New Zealand has set apart two islands on which hunting and trapping are forbidden.

CHINA'S GREAT IMPERIAL SEAL.

How Anam Under French Protection Destroyed Her Badge of Serpitude.

Among the many unique curiosities in M. Jules Patenotre's collection at the French legation at Washington is an imprint of the great Chinese imperial seal. The loss of the original die which the imprint represents was one of the greatest disappointments in the career of this clever diplomat. He wanted it for his collection, but the orientals were a little too many for him that time, and this is how it happened.

The French had been carrying on the war in Tonquin during the early part of 1884 and finally succeeded in forcing China to surrender her claim of suzerainty over the empire of Anam in favor of a French protectorate. All the state documents of the Anamites up to this period had not only borne the national seal, but likewise the imperial seal of China, as a mark of vassalage. When, on June 6, 1884, however, Patenotre obtained the signature to the treaty giving Anam over to the protection of France, the great Chinese seal was brought before the convention of Anamite statesmen and French officers and diplomats. M. Patenotre in his report to the home office described the scene as follows:

"We took out seats about a large table in the parlor of the French residence. There were naval officers from Admiral Courbet's fleet and several officers from the French garrison at Hanoi. The great seal was laid upon the table. It was 5 inches square and made of solid silver, weighing about 15 pounds. The handle represented a camel kneeling. "The Anamite prime minister made a number of impressions on the seal, and while this was being done he was preparing a small charcoal furnace at one end of the room. The Anamites were preparing to destroy the seal. I leaned over to the prime minister and told him that it was not yet too late to save this interesting relic, and I begged him not to consign it to the crucible. He hesitated a moment and then held a brief consultation with Nguyen-Van Tuong, the regent. The latter shook his head and said that the last token of Anam's servitude must be destroyed. Five minutes later the great seal was nothing but a mass of molten silver. "And that is why there is only an imprint of the seal in the French embassy's collection instead of the heavy silver, camel handled die.—New York Sun.

Mixed Jurors.

It seems to me that in most cases the perfect jury would be one made up of men and women in equal numbers. The fundamental idea of the jury is that it affords a good average opinion on the case before it, and that this average is more likely to approximate justice than the decision of any number of legal experts. In view of the admitted differences between the mental operations of men and women, would not the introduction of the latter into the jury box give a juster average of human sentiment than is secured under the present system? There is another consideration, less important in theory, but probably of great practical value. Hunger and thirst and impatience of confinement often drive the masculine jury to decisions which must cause the goddess of the handicapped eyes to shed copious tears behind the voluminous folds which secure her impartiality. By her established indifference to creature comforts women would raise the moral tone of juries and compel decisions on abstract principles. When a protracted session was in prospect, she would first make up her mind and then take out her embroidery and wait for the other jurors to come around to her position.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Peewee Fish.

"There is a species of fish in the Indian ocean which have a very remarkable peculiarity," said Thomas G. Talbot, a Philadelphia naturalist. "This fish is provided with a short snout, which it uses very much as a sportsman uses a gun. Swimming close beneath the surface of the water, it watches the flies flitting about directly overhead, and having selected one to its fancy suddenly thrusts its head out of the water and with unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water into its victim. Confused, and with its wings drenched and rendered temporarily useless by the watery projectiles, the insect drops to the surface of the water, where it is immediately gobbled up by its voracious enemy. These fish are said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from the height of two or three feet."

Not Distinguishable.

James Whitcomb Riley tells this story: Three bosom friends started out one evening to have a good time, and the time for going home came they were so drunk that walking was difficult. They finally reached the home of Brown and made noise enough to waken the neighborhood. A window was raised, and a feminine voice said: "What on earth's wanted?" In thickened accents came the answer: "Will Miss Brown please come down and pick out her husband?"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Europe's Flowers.

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers growing in Europe, only 480 are odoriferous. Less than one-fifth of the white kinds—which number 1,194—are fragrant, 77 of the 951 yellow kinds, 84 of the 838 red kinds, 81 of the 594 blue kinds, 18 of the 808 violet blue kinds and 28 of the 240 kinds with combined colors.—Philadelphia Press.

He Was Sincere.

Friend—What did he say to you when he proposed to you? Miss Rose—He said life without me meant nothing. Friend—He was sincere in that. That's just what his possessions amount to.—Boston Commercial.

Not That Kind.

Lady—Have you any celery? Green Huckleberry—Not much, ma'am—only \$9 a week.—Detroit Free Press.

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